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VANITY FAIR

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XUM

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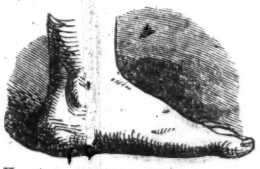

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MRS. ROSS AND THE SECESSIONIST.

EPISTLE 8TH.

MR. VANITY :—When fokes will run inter the fire with theyr eyes wide open, nobody is agonter pity um. The fact is I ant a woman ter think on myself the hul tote of the time. But I raly bleve a body's got ter, ef they hev hoops on um. Arter I floored them immages I rit ter you about, I made up my mind Ide crawl out on the blame things jest as quick as I cood, in decency ter my son's feelins. But when I come ter look on the figger the Shaker sisters cut in theyr meetin-house without um, I sed then, Ile stand um out; other fokes do, and I guess I ken. Wal, the very next day arter I come ter this conclusion I come amasin near puttin an eand to myself, jest on the blamed hoops acount and nothin else, for I've clim walls and fences all my life. You see Mis BISSEL hed a brother livin not a great ways from where we was, a man that was well ter due in the world, and nothin would saive her but we must stop there and visit a day. My granson was agin it, but she hung on and carred her pint. Wal, we got ter her brother's house, and cordin ter the way the wife looked, I see we was *bout* as welcom as a flock of crows in a corn-field jest arter the corn hed bin dropt. We sot around a spel and I lookd at SAMUEL, and he lookd ter me. I never was so worked up in my hul life. There I was, and coodent git away that day; there want no train agoin. I see SAMUEL was down in the mouth; Sed I SAMUEL, I guess we'll go and look round and see the farm, and let Mis BISSEL visit a spel with her sister. So we started and jest galivanted around and got inter the thickest wood lot you ever see; and we got inter sich a maze a talkin about our perdickerment being obleged ter stay where we knowd we want wanted; we dident kno nothin which way ter git back ter the house. And we was as hungry as hounds. Jest then we come afowl of a stun wall, and there was a rasberry bush.

Sed I SAMUEL we ken apeaze our hunger here a little. And I sprung onter the wall like a cat. And my hoops ketched intoot and over I went tother side, kersplash. And sich a brused critter you never need wanter see. For a minit I mighter bin took for stunded. When I opened my eyes, if ther want five Samaritons rite afore me, a bindin up my wounds and washin my furrid and hands with cologny water. As quick as I could rais a voice, Sed I, Ive fell among angels, sich critters dont flock in every wood lot, by a longshort. They carred me ter theyr hous clost by and sich a pallis as twas! and they woodent hear a word spoke about my leavin um till I was farly well. What them five Samaritons done for me in them three days I was there, cant be sed nor rit, and I shal bles um fort the balance of my life.

Your obedient sarvent,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—When I got on my things ter leave these good Samaritons, there was theyr table of bounty spred, and we all sot down so friendly tergether ter take a dish of tea. My granson sot by me I felt amazinly worked up at the thort of leavin. Sed I, my friends you all seem like blood relation ter me. (They all lookd up as satisfied as you ever see critters.) I raly hope we shal see one another agin when this nation gits ter be a band of brothers, and our flag gits ter flyin once more over every town and village, and cotton-field of America. Land a massy! them faces changed as ef a clap of thunder had struck um. There was Mrs. LARKIN and her two little gals, LIDDY and CHARLOTTY, and a MIS. DERPONT a little French madam, and a Miss BRUSH they was visiters ter Mis LARKIN. Never!—sed Mis BRUSH. LIDDY and CHARLOTTY snuggled up ter there mother, and Mis BRUSH continnerd.

The South will bear with the insults of the North no longer. Our cotton makes us independant of you, *we* kin do without you. England wants our cotton and she'll hev it. Sed I, I dont truckle ter King Cotton. He's a good sarvant, and buys the South every blessed thing they want, and that orter satisfy um, without there tarin up Americas flag and stampin it under their feet like a pack of mad childern. (I was so riled it peard ter me I was lookin through a fog on the mountain.) Sed I, Mis BRUSH you cant make me bleve all the South fokes are knaves, and fools, by a longshort. Will you tell me where you was born? sed I, tryin ter sorter keep calm and remember I pertended ter be a Christun. My granson was pullin my shawl. Sed she, in Varmont; and I'me ashamd ter own to't. Oh! sed the little French woman with her hair combed of her furred, looking as ef she'd fixed herself ter be swallerd, and sich a simmer as the critter was in: I like America! I like the people. I want the Union jest as you, but 'tis gone. Madam LARKIN is from the South, LIDDY and CHARLOTTY was born there too. And they hev bin so good to you and now you insult them. There bes good people all over, in France, in Jurmany, and theyr eyes was red with cryin when the paper come to tell um Americas flag was torn down. LIDDY and CHARLOTTY snuggled closer ter theyr mother, and my granson pulled my shawl more arnest than ever. When Mis BRUSH broke out fresh. Sed she, her eyes gittin big as sarcers. Dont the South hier your teachers? dont they buy all your rat-traps, and carriages and what not! Dont they fill up all your hotels, and go ter your mountain houses

and pour out theyr money like water on the North? I ris up and sot my chear agin the wall. Sed I, young woman, my granfather was a Varmonter, and he lost an eye in the Bennington fight. His farm gin him every mortal thing they wanted, but spice and tea. They made theyr butter and cheze, and theyr fether beds, and rose water, and theyr woolen cloth, and theyr linnen, and maple sugar, and they want beholden ter nobody for nothin; and now his granson hes got that very self same place, and he dont turn his mind ter nothin but makin cheze. And you better bleve them chezes ar whoppers! and they bring money, and his childern spend it fur silks, and flowers, and laces, and jewels and all sorts of gewgaws, and they talk French and theyv got a piannar, and Irish gals ter do theyr work, and they ken hold a candle ter anybody in your hul South. They go all over the world, sight seein. But what of that? Taint no reason they should make fools of themselves cos theyv got the money ter buy theyr rat-traps. Wal, ter tell the honnest truth, afore I got through talkin I was in a broad roar. I haint bin so farely stird up from my very foundation but once in my life, and that was the time I spoke on in the first letter I rit ter you about my son SIMONS startin off with the Spruce Sarve ter New York twenty year ago. My hankercher was as wet as ef it hed bin in the river. And when I took it from my eyes the hul on um was standin round me, and SIMON was as white as ef his face was flowered. Sed I, Ime no hipocrit. But Ime as proud as Lucefur of my country, and Ime ashamed as death of this war! But Ime bound ter stand ter my flag that was got by the blood of my fourfathers. It has keverd all the nations of this earth and it ken do it agin. My eyes was too full of tears to see how they took it, but Ide got started and I was bound ter say my say, if I died fort. The hul crowd huddled around and we all kissed one another. And the last words I sed was, the women ken save this country, and theyv got ter doot. M. R.

N. B.—Ive got a telegraf ter go to my man JEDEDIAH.

M. R.

Army Intelligence.

It is rumored in military circles that a regiment of sharp-shooters is about to be formed, to work by the Calcium light.

The idea is so good, that we hope several regiments of the kind will be raised. They would make a very efficient Light Brigade.

The Philosopher's Stone.

Sardonics.

THERE'S A NIGGER IN THE TENT, I KNOW.
Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Peace Man.—WHY, MR. JONES, WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES—*no work, no cash, no comfort.*

Jones.—THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER. (*Lifts the corner of the Tent.*)

Polysyllabic Excursion.

A Boston newspaper announces with awful dignity that Prof. AGASSIZ is about to make "a palaeontological reconnoissance of the fossiliferous deposits of the island of Anti Costi." This is certainly an anti-costive way of putting it. We wish the Professor a pleasant journey, simply expressing the hope that his absence will not be so long by half as these words which announce his departure; and the wonder that he will wander, instead of staying at home to make "a reconnoissance" of the rich "fossiliferous deposits" of our "palaeontological Boston."

Indispensable(s.)

An inconsiderate correspondent, who has somehow imbibed the erroneous impression that the Naval Department is under the control of too timid a policy, indignantly declares that the impatient Nation, smarting under the constraint of petticoat government, spurns this old women's policy and imperatively demands, on land as well as by sea, the employment of more Male-clad Craft.

Brave on a (Re)treat.

RUSSELL, within sight of the firing, with the coolness of an experienced cannibal, stopped in his flight to devour the Sand Witches of that aric region. The scene of this hurried exploit is represented as one of the wildest Gorges ever witnessed.

Alone we Did It.

V. F. demanded that Gen. WOOL should be employed. Gen. WOOL is employed. We are modest; and admit that the proverb should be reversed, and that here is an illustration of

"LITTLE CRY AND GREAT WOOL."

ANOTHER SECESSION OUTRAGE.

"General PILLOW has performed another feat which will further assist to bring his name into history as one of the great military chieftains of the present age. This last achievement is the seizure and confiscation of a floating show, composed of stuffed lions, tigers and leopards, and what was represented as ARTEMUS WARD'S magnificent set of wax figures. The "show" was on board a little boat bound to Cairo, but was seized at Hickman as contraband, and taken to Memphis, where it was confiscated by order of General PILLOW."

The above is extracted from the N. Y. *Herald* of 26th August, and as it is universally recognized as the "Organ of Truth," we are forced to believe the painful intelligence is true, although we have no official report of this confiscation of our esteemed associate's show. This atrocious act will we know fire the manly heart of the Great West, and when it is known that the great ARTEMUS is now on a Western trip, (ostensibly on business but actually bunking with Prince NAPOLEON,) and will shortly present himself at the head of his gallant Baldinsville regiment to chastise the insolent confiscator, attended by his Imperial Highness, the heart of the nation will wax glad, and the Wax Works will again gladden the hearts of the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio.

Let PILLOW then beware! This is the last feather upon the camel's back. The Administration may continue to suffer the Delilahs of Washington to toy with the Samsonian hair of ABRAHAM, and flirt their treasonable incense beneath the delicate proboscis of WILLIAM the Secretary, without fear of punishment; Rebel prisoners may be fed sumptuously in Baltimore by a charitable Major-General, amidst the cheers and howls of traitors, while the enemy forces our true men in captivity to act as scullions and ditch diggers, but it has now been reserved for this last great outrage upon the rights of the North, in this confiscation of the Model Show of America, to awaken the people, and perhaps show the amiable authorities at Washington, what is their duty to the country, and that it is now about time to have done with their benevolent tom-foolery.

"STAND FROM UNDER!"

HABEAS CORPUS must hide it's diminished head before the following attempt to seize or possess, which lately made its appearance as an advertisement, in the columns of the *Herald*:

THREE GOOD LOOKING YOUNG LADIES wish to form the acquaintance of three good looking young gentlemen; they must be tall, with military wiskers and mustache, and must certainly be good looking and gentlemanly in their manners. None others need address, MINNIE ELLSWORTH, White Plains Post office, Westchester county, N. Y.

There is a sweet mystery in the above, arising from the fact that the Three Good Looking Young Ladies neglect to declare their intentions with regard to the three tall, good-looking and gentlemanly young gentlemen with military "wiskers" and mustaches. Perhaps the mysterious she 3 are sharp-shooters, and want the gentlemanly he 3 as a nucleus for a rifle corps. The name MINNIE—of course it should have been printed MINIÉ—favors this supposition: there is a strong smack of the rifle about it. Perhaps the she 3 are convivial young ladies, like those mentioned in the old song beginning—

"There were three Irish fair maids lived in the Isle of Wight,
They drank from Monday morning till late on Saturday night."

and only want the he 3 as partners for a hand at poker and a drink. We prefer the rifle theory, however, with regard to the three MINNIE'S. Go it, little sharp-shooters of White Plains!—keep your Locks well oiled, and be sure to put on a Fresh Cap every time you drop a man!

Two Ways of Getting the Cotton Out.

Either by letting it out on Bale or by Bagging it.

Full of White Feathers.

Gen. PILLOW.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

HERE is a singular fallacy prevailing in most military circles with regard to light dragoons, viz., that they ought to be as heavy as possible. In some of the European armies an average light dragoon, with his saddle, trappings, and accoutrements too numerous to mention, turns the scale at from 280 to 300 pounds, an amount which, administered to a middle-sized nag's ridge-pole in the jog trot at which dragoons mostly travel, must be very trying to that horizontal joint production. We well remember a Colonel of light dragoons who rode to the figure of 400 pounds in his morning glory, bumping pig-skin to the tune of about 427 pounds 8 ounces, on post-prandial parades. He was a merry man of war, was that *gros sabreur*, and used many a time and oft to cry at his charger, when that animal made a false step—"Ha! would you?—you had better give ME a chance of falling upon you—eh?"

"It is the last pound that kills the horse," says the racing proverb; but, in the case of a light dragoon riding to the weight of 300 pounds, we should say that the premature dissolution of the noble quadruped might fairly be attributed to the influence of the last 140 pounds, or thereabout.

SHAKESPEARE—and who will be captious enough to dispute such an authority?—tells us that men of about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighing some 126 pounds, are the best stuff for light dragoons, supposing them to be adapted by build, individually, for adhesion to the pig-skin. The saddle and other housings of each rider, continues the same great master of the horse, should not exceed the weight of 35 pounds, thus imposing upon the animal an average burden of not more than 161 pounds. Fogies may sneer at this depreciation of dead weight; but if the opinions of the quadrupeds on the subject were duly canvassed, we rather guess that SHAKESPEARE would have the horse-laugh on his side.

To prevent confusion, it may be as well to explain that the authority just referred to is not that SHAKESPEARE but another SHAKESPEARE. Our advocate of light weights is a captain of dragoons—lancers, probably, in consideratiou of his name—and one who writes a great deal upon military subjects, as his great namesake did a long time before him, and as the daily journalists of this city do a long way behind him.

And, putting this and that together, if, as some discontented infidels insist, SHAKESPEARE was, after all, nobody but BACON, why, in that case, he must be looked upon as all the better authority in matters appertaining to the pig-skin.

THE LOWLY VIOLET OF THE TRIBUNE.

We like modesty. That humble sense of one's own importance, that coy reticence as to one's own actions has always possessed for us especial charms. Therefore is it that when we lit upon the following in the *Tribune's* account of the battle of Springfield, (Mo.,) we considered it in the light of a very superior thing:

"We took 400 horses and 69 prisoners. One of the latter was brought in from a squad of five Rebels by your correspondent, who at that time was nearly hoarse from rallying the troops, regardless of anything like personal danger."

When we consider that this statement occurs in a long letter "From Our Own Correspondent" himself, the marked diffidence of the thing becomes apparent. The *Tribune's* correspondent it seems, like the estimable GOV. PICKENS of South Carolina, was "born insensible to fear" and has no hesitation in saying so. Such things are rather amusing once in a while and we have no objections to them whatever. Our only fear is that the rest of the *Tribune* office will catch this correspondent's complaint. And we know the amiable senior-editor so well that we are convinced beforehand he would never be able to restrain himself if he got a shy at a battle. What would be the consequences? Simply these:

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE TRIBUNE.

Live the Republic! The battle of Thingumbob has been fought and won! The enemy were completely routed with great slaughter. Our loss is trifling. Though suffering severely from rheumatism and from the consequences of a clean shirt which I had been prevailed upon to put on three days before, I performed prodigies of valor. While occupying a position on the extreme left of our line I detected the rebel cavalry in an attempt to outflank us. I instantly formed into a hollow square, and armed as I was with a blue cotton umbrella, prepared to repel them. The foremost charger was impaled on the point of my trusty weapon and threw his rider to the ground. The rebel trooper rose and rushed upon me, but it was the work of an instant to bat him over the head and he fell to rise no more. I now made a furious onslaught upon the remainder of the enemy, who aghast at my prowess, fled in dismay. I need not say that if it had not been for my gallant action at this juncture of the battle, that the enemy would have gained the victory which is now ours. I am looked upon by all as the saviour of our noble army. Major-General MCCLELLAN did me the compliment to say that he had "never seen anything like it." I flatter myself that he never did. H. G.

Are we prepared for this sort of thing!

THE SWELL'S SOLILOQUY ON THE WAR.

I don't appwove this hawid waw;
Those dweadful bannahs hawt my eyes;
And guns and dwums are such a baw,
Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms;
But why must all the vulgah cwowd
Pawsist in spawting unifawms
In cullaws so extwemely loud?

And then the ladies—pwecious deahs!—
I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
Bai Jove! I weally have my feahs
They wathah like the hawid wow!

To heah the chawming cweatures talk,
Like patwons of the bloody wing,
Of waw and all its dawty wawk,—
It doesn't seem a pwappah thing!

I called at MRS. GWEENE'S last night,
To see her niece, Miss MAWY HERTZ,
And found her making (cwushing sight!)
The weddest kind of flannel shirts!

Of cawce I wose and sought the daw,
With fewy flashing fwom my eyes!
I can't appwove this hawid waw;
Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Positively Original from Abraham.

That wasn't so bad a joke perpetrated by ABRAHAM at the Navy Yard, Washington, last Friday week, whither he had gone with SEWARD, DAHLGREEN, MCDOUGAL, etc., to witness the target practice.

An admiring and facetious M. D. (supposed to be a near relative of our own AUGUSTUS,) observed to the President, "How very fortunate we are to have the chief pillar of our Country so tall!"

To which the jocular Chief responded, "Mistaken, sir! wrong view of our National Architecture; You are one of the Pill-ers, I am only a Raft-er."

Why he Didn't.

The comrade in treachery of Mr. LOTTERY TICKET WOOD, VALLANDIGHAM, M. C. of Ohio, is in a very bad way indeed about his recent tempestuous reception in Baltimore. He denies through the medium of *The Dayton Empire* that he had anything to do with the secessionist serenade that was attempted on that occasion. This we all knew before, it being not wholly unconnected with the fact that there were so many Union men present as to have made it exceedingly disastrous to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM had he ventured to countenance the traitor deputation. If, on the contrary, there had been a preponderance of Secessionists, we make no doubt that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM would have had a very great deal to do with the serenade in question.

XUM

Vanity Fair to the President.

PECTEMUR AGENDO:

In your Army:

In the streets of your Capital:

In the marts of the large Cities:

From the half opened lips of thousands of now dissatisfied, but hitherto earnest supporters of your Administration, many of whom, although opposed to your political creed, yet recognize but one spirit in this contest, that you must be sustained, but that they also have a right to be heard and not only heard, but listened to by their rulers, there is a low muttering of discontent; an increasing feeling of distrust:

Have you not heard it?

There was once a Man who did not hesitate when he deemed it necessary for his Country's good to take the Responsibility.

And what is his record?

Ask the people.

They will answer back in thunder tones, ANDREW JACKSON is enshrined forever in the hearts of a grateful Republic.

The faint hearts of weak journalism that cannot discriminate between partisan and personal prejudice, and a true and heartfelt wish for the success of a righteous cause, may now call this Treason!

Well, "if it be Treason," let them "make the most of it."

History tells us when the Courtier dared not speak the Truth to a Monarch, the Jester did not fear.

Let the Jester then speak.

Well, what does the Jester want?

A new SECRETARY AT WAR.

He wants in that post,

A Man who is a true patriot:

A Man with clean hands:

A Man who has no friends to reward:

A Man who has no enemies to punish,

Save the enemies of his Country:

A Man who is incorruptible, sagacious, vigorous:

A Man whose name would be a tower of strength to our struggling Union brethren of the South-west: whose appointment to that office would not only revive their drooping spirits, but add a moral strength to our cause equal to an army of 100.000 men.

A Man whom you found in that office and whom you should have kept there:

A Man, aye! every inch a Man:

And that Man is,

JOSEPH HOLT, OF KENTUCKY.

There is a golden moment in the life of every Ruler when he may, by an honest and fearless act, imperishably bind himself to Posterity.

Your golden moment has come!

Strike!

With profound respect,

Vanity Fair.

INNOCENT COMMERCE.

LONDON POST.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN,
WHOSE COTTON MILLS HAVE SENT HIM TO YOUR SHORE;
THEIR DAYS ARE DWINDLING TO THE SHORTEST SPAN:
OH, GIVE RELIEF AND HEAVEN WILL BLESS YOUR STORE.

THE INCORRIGIBLE.

"It is hard," says the proverb, "to teach an old dog new tricks," and those who have interested themselves in canine education can verify the truth of the apophthegm.

Now, the *Tribune* is an old dog, and the obstinacy with which it refuses to acquire the wonderful new trick of straightforwardness, which these parlous times force all journals to practice, is singularly marked.

In the ancient days, when bran-bread and free-love had not yet fallen into disfavor in Printing-House Square . . . long before DANA arose in Rebellion and GREELEY withdrew in Secession . . . when the Nigger was all in all, and the Country was nothing . . . the *Tribune* used to shout with a mighty and diurnal voice:

"No Union with Slaveholders!" just as the not less truculent and equally absurd journals of JEFF. DAVIS' dynastiness now cry: "No Union with Abolitionists!"

In those days, too, when certain shawled and stooping fanatics, with frowzy beards and pulmonary voices, were wont to tear in pieces the Constitution of the United States, and to trample it underfoot . . . to blacken and blot out certain stars from the galaxy upon our national banner, representing the slaveholding States, and otherwise to wantonly and wildly desecrate the calmness of various remote New England villages, the *Tribune* not only smiled complacently upon their fantastic capers, but patted their shawled and stooping backs, and whispered words of encouragement and cheer. These were the old tricks, that the *Tribune* acquired in its earliest youth, and for which, alas! it still hankers unceasingly.

In these days, when the thunderstorm of war has purged our atmosphere, social and political, of the sultry sluggishness that has too long stagnated about us, the old tricks will not do. The people can govern themselves, and they know their strength. If they do not like any especial course or method of action, they can, and will, stop it. And the *Tribune* does not wish to be stopped.

It was compelled, then, to drop the key-note which it had droned so many years, and to own that the Union, One and Inseparable, was nobler and loftier than Mr. GREELEY's political aspirations, or Mr. DANA's trouser's pocket. But O, how slowly, how hesitantly, with how many longing, lingering looks behind, did the old dog perform this distasteful summersault! It plead the "divine right of revolution," and hemmed and hawed about the advantages the North might enjoy, if unhampered by the South. It dodged and truckled with the question till the day of that splendid phenomenon, the Union Uprising, when it had to eat all its humiliating words of doubtful or worse than doubtful patriotism, and come out strong and square upon the solid Union platform of, "With Us; or Against Us!"

But now, when blood has been shed, and the cooler philosophy of modes and means have come under consideration . . . when the flush of excited enthusiasm has crystallized into an immutable determination, deeper, and therefore quieter, the old dog again begins to insinuate his old tricks craftily in among his new ones.

Little phrases, unimportant in themselves, but making an impression when taken *en masse*, begin to creep into the editorial columns of this once rabid disunion print, and to poke out their venomous little noses through telegraphic loop-holes. Let us quote here and there a random expression from a recent number that lies before us:

"Even should the Rebels hold out long enough to transmute the Rebellion into Revolution, and *make the recognition of their independence a measure of sound policy*, the *United States* (!) will have shown itself a great nation, strong in the art and abounding in the materials of war as in those of peace, etc."

The italics, and the parenthetic exclamation, are our own. What the "United States" would be, after finding Disunion to be "a measure of sound policy," we leave the more imaginative of our readers to determine.

Now, let us see what the *Tribune* thinks are the chances for the Rebels to "hold out," and transmute the Rebellion into Revolution" . . . a transmutation to which that of Roscicrucius was the simplest affair in the world:

"The foes opposed to us will never be overawed by our numbers, nor lay down their arms because we are eighteen millions and they are only eight. We remember and they do not forget that their and our ancestors when numbering only three millions of people held their own for eight years and brought to terms at last the most powerful nation on the face of the globe. If England trusted then to our succumbing because we had no money, no manufactures, but few arms, not even clothes to hide our nakedness, or shoes to cover our bleeding feet, she was wofully mistaken, as the sequel proved, for we did without these things and beat her all the same. . . . . It is a fatal mistake to underrate them. They are brave—let us confess it—brave and cruel. They are determined; so determined that no scruples at our annihilation will ever deter them from pushing any advantage they may get to the utmost. They have some money, and let us believe that they will make a paper currency serve their turn as well as it did the purposes of our ancestors. Food they have in plenty, as we know; and it is far wiser we should believe they will find some way of providing all necessary clothing than hope they will succumb to us because they are barefooted and without blankets. Above all let us never forget that we have to deal with a foe whose aim and whose determination make them a most formidable foe whom we are to conquer, if we conquer it at all, by the most desperate fighting and by enormous sacrifices."

Is this "aid and comfort" to anybody? And if so, to whom? Will it cheer our worn and weary soldiers to learn, on the eve of a battle, that they are to meet "a brave and cruel" foe . . . "a foe whose aim and whose determination make them a most formidable foe whom we are to conquer (Heaven help the King's English!), *if we conquer at all*, by the most desperate fighting and by enormous sacrifices?"

This reads like the *Day-Book* and *Daily News*. We cannot say anything worse than that! If Mr. GREELEY has (as we are led to think, from his curious papers on his private troubles, lately appearing as leaders in the *Tribune*), again arisen to power as Chief Editor and Grand Panjandrum of the paper, we are sorry to see so little improvement.

Two or three more choice little bits . . . straws which show the direction of the current beneath . . . may serve to clinch what we have already stated. These are isolated phrases, gleaned here and there, from the same number of the paper:

"They (the Rebels,) know that they never stood so well as now, either with themselves or before the world. . . . . The Rebellion has acquired a sincerity of purpose which it lacked at first. . . . . Even should it ever be thought wisest for the general health to submit to the amputation of the peccant members. . . . . War, however inevitable in the existing state of the world, and however much softened by all the mitigations of civilization, is a ghastly relic of barbarism."

Verily, it *is* hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

THE COMMISSIONER'S QUANDARY.

I.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"
Long time ago, some Rebels took their way,
Tempting Napoleonic powers that be
To recognize a new Confederacy—
The precious C. S. A.

II.

But LOUIS is—to use a vulgar phrase—
A "downy cove," and up to all such throws,
He knows the number of Rebellion's days,
And grimly he the royal finger lays
Beside the royal nose.

III.

Long time the Rebels dance attendance there,
Waiting, and hoping that they yet may bring
A recognition, and assurance fair
That LOUIS loves the South, and is aware
That Cotton still is King.

IV.

But no; the C. S. A. puts forth these buds—
Promising flowers and fruit—alas! in vain;
So let her YANCEYS once more brave the floods,
Her DUDLEY MANNS pack up their Manly Duds,
And hasten home again!

An Idyll of the Sunny South.

PATRIARCHUS sate with his guest at morn upon the verandah, contemplating the beauties of the broad plantation before them.

"Ho, slave, within there!" cried PATRIARCHUS; "bring me the gustatory cocktail of gin!"

A very light quadroon boy, whose countenance strangely resembled that of his master, hastened to bring the gentle fluid.

The Guest glanced significantly toward the menial.

"Who is that boy, O, PATRIARCHUS?" demanded he; "does he belong to you?"

"One of my family servants, O, Guest;" replied PATRIARCHUS.

"I thought he Belonged to your Family, O, PATRIARCHUS!" said the Guest.

A great silence fell upon them, including the nigger; and the cocktail of gin long stood untasted.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

1*st Volunteer* (formerly one of the Eleven of St. George's).—I GUESS I WON'T BLOCK THAT, JOE, I'LL LET THE LONG STOP CATCH IT.

2*nd Volunteer* (a fielder, spry but timid).—YOU'D BETTER MAKE A RUN OF IT, THOSE FELLOWS BOWL TOO SWIFT.

Herald-ic.

That last neat little thing gracefully got off by JOHN THOMAS at one of the receptions at Long Branch last week, was not so bad, by any means. The remark, as we recollect it, was to the effect, that having carefully examined the Pier-age just before Mrs. LINCOLN embarked upon her customary boating excursion, the other day, he had made sure, beyond a doubt, her Republican Majesty's descent from a Long Branch of ancient prestige.

A Shaky Bridge.

The Rev. HENRY BRIDGE is on trial at Utica for the murder of his wife. Crime has become terribly prevalent of late among the clergy; and, owing to the influence of "the cloth," justice has been singularly lax in punishing the reverend criminals. If the Rev. BRIDGE be found guilty, we trust, (and we say it without malignity) he will be made a Suspension-bridge, for the benefit of humanity, clerical and other.

Unreasonable.

We cannot comprehend the spirit of insubordination existing in certain volunteer regiments at Washington. Considering that the American Tract Society have distributed some seventeen millions of religious *brochures* among them, they ought by this time to have become eminently tract-able.

Remarkable

We understand, from our military contributor, that Mr. HERMANN, the celebrated Prestidigitateur, gets up every morning at Prestidigitattoo.

The Delicacy of the Season.

The Canvas-back Shoe.

"POOR JACK" IN LEAD!

VANITY FAIR wants a man named THOMPSON,—THOMPSON with a P. This THOMPSON with a P. is or was second mate of the ship City of Mobile, lying in this port. On this same ship was a young man named THOMAS LOWE. LOWE had never been to sea before, and was necessarily rather ignorant of the Neptune Tactics. This excited the ire of the second mate, the THOMPSON with a P. aforesaid. Last Monday week, young LOWE was ordered to go aloft to execute some manœuvre or other. As he was unable to climb up the tremulous rope ladder in sufficient haste to satisfy His Highness, the second mate, that courteous and refined person thought that he would endow him with the requisite power by beating and kicking him in a most brutal and cowardly manner. Which he accordingly did. Being thus refreshed and invigorated, LOWE was again ordered aloft. He obeyed. The conscientious reporter now steps in and tells us that "after getting upon the royal yard he became so weak from the beating he had received, and from his perilous position, that he lost his hold and fell to the deck. He was instantly killed. His body was taken to the Bellevue Hospital." We are then told that the crew who had nothing to do with the matter were arrested, and that the second mate, LOWE's murderer, escaped. This is as might have been expected.

At the time of the present writing the second mate has not been heard from. Nor is it probable that he will be. Even if he should be arraigned before a court of justice, he would be released with a reprimand, or at most, a slight fine. If, on the contrary, his young victim had either time refused to go aloft when ordered he would have been half killed with a handspike, then put in irons and ultimately hung as a mutineer. "The sweet little cherub" who is poetically supposed to sit up aloft and look out for the life "of poor JACK" is never around on such occasions. We notice too that he hasn't been around for some time now although we have on several occasions, presented, in these columns, matters for his consideration, notably in some verses published more than a year ago and entitled, "Only a Sailor,"—verses which we thought rather entitled to consideration than otherwise. We trust the "sweet little cherub" will delay his arrival no longer. If he does we are very much afraid that Cruelty to Sailors will become a permanent American institution.

K. T. DID.

"We learn from Kansas Territory, that Captain JENNISON, of border fame, has offered six hundred of his well-known "Jay-Hawkers," all bold riders and well mounted, to the Union cause; also, that other mounted regiments will shortly be organized. Good for K. T.!—*Western Paper.*

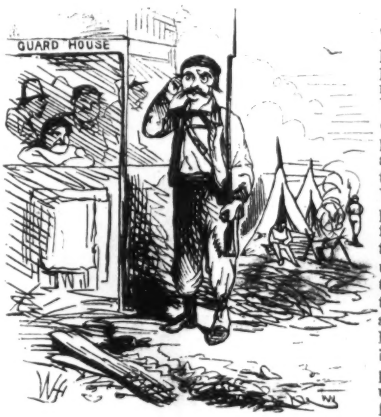
From her borders, far away,
Kansas blows a trumpet call,
Answered by the loud 'hurrah!'
Of her troopers, one and all.
"Knife and pistol, sword and spur!"
Cries K. T.—
"Let my troopers all concur
To the old flag, no demur,
Follow me!"

Hence the song of jubilee,
PLATYPHILLIS from the tree,
High among the branches hid,
Sings all night so merrily—
"K. T. did,
She did—she did!"

Thirty score Jay-Hawkers bold,
Kansas men of strong renown,
Rally round the banner old,
Casting each his gauntlet down.
"Good for Kansas!" one and all
Cry to her;
Riding to her trumpet call,
Blithe as to a festival,
All concur!

Hence the revel and the glee,
As the chanter from the tree,
High among the branches hid,
Sings all night so merrily—
"K. T. did!
She did—she did!"

WAR ITEMS, BY OUR SPECIAL SCISSORS.



WE adore the sex. Too profoundly, perhaps, for our own peace of mind—but no more of that! We dislike to associate prisons and petticoats, or crime and crinoline, or treason and tresses. We are, therefore, prodigiously sorry for Mrs. GREENHOW, the female spy arrested in Washington. We are susceptible, but also stern, and have read with heart-breaking satisfaction that "a prison is to be fitted up in Washington. for lady traitors." We have been offered the post of Warden of this Sweet Stronghold, with a salary of $500,000. But we could not trust our own heart. We knew that we should be smiled into sedition, kissed into conspiracy, coaxed over to the confederacy, and so delivered, bound in rosy fetters, to the great BEAUREGARD. Strongly urged to take the place by Mr. SEWARD, we firmly answered "No, WILLIAM, no! It cannot be. Give the place," we continued, "to some wretch who has been four times married; or to the next Old Lady who applies to be made a Brigadier-General." And we suppose they will.

In war you must have flour barrels, (with the flour in them) not less than gun-barrels; and when the men of the Corn Exchange sent two hundred and fifty barrels of flour to the soldiers' families with "God Bless Our Volunteers" on each bag, it did not go at all against our Grain to exclaim: "God Bless the Flower of Our Merchants?"

The Editor of VANITY FAIR respectfully acknowledges the donation of ten superb chargers, with appropriate saddles and bridles. These have been sent to him under the impression that he is about to raise a regiment. This being a mistake, he will immediately open a livery stable, and hopes, by strict attention, etc., etc.

The Government has bought seventeen hundred horses in Massachusetts. Now let it sell an equal number of asses, and we shall see the beginning of a stable reform.

A writer in the *Tribune* commends Col. SCHIMMELLPFFENNING to the Government for a commission. The worthy Colonel certainly has a great name, and as most of the Confederates are innocent of WORCESTER, we believe that the Rebels will find the name of SCHIMMELLPFFENNING itself a spell quite difficult to get over.

MORE "AMERICAN NOTES."

A Mrs. BROMLEY, daughter of Sir FITZROY KELLEY, England, has recently prevailed upon a weak-minded London publisher to emit on her behalf some dribbling pages, dignified by the name of a book and endowed with the sweetly alliterated title, "A Woman's Wanderings in the Western World." Mrs. BROMLEY, it seems, wandered through the United States while she was about it, and, as became a scion of the English nobility, was intensely "shocked" at nearly everything that she saw. In the wilds of Philadelphia, a rude settlement at the other extremity of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, Mrs. B. suffered the customary indignities. Here at the "Continental" or some kindred hovel, she was one day approached, just as the melodious notes of the dinner-gong had died away, by a barbarian who, she says, put his hands upon her shoulders, and giving her a push forward, yelled in her ear, "You'd better hurry up, ma'am, if you want to get your victuals." This statement those who have put up at Philadelphia hotels, and who know that it is the custom of the waiters in those establishments to drive the guests into their meals with large and knotty clubs, cannot for a moment doubt.

During her travels among us Mrs. BROMLEY found time to become exceedingly disgusted with our habits as well as with our hotels. Especially was she horrified with the use of milk and water. "There is water in the trains," remarks Mrs. B. with a fine elevation of her aristocratic nose, "water in the boats, water in the railway-stations, water in the drawing-rooms, and *to make matters worse*, at dinner (I am speaking of the *table d'hote* dinners on the road), instead of taking a little wine or beer, like people in general, *they drink oceans of milk diluted with water*. It is to me most unpleasant to look at, especially when accompanying rich *entrées* and sauces, not to speak of fat pork, which is also a very favorite dish, but does not in my opinion look at all agreeable in juxtaposition with a great tumbler of milk."

We confess to these atrocities, but we really cannot see why Mrs. BROMLEY, of all other writers, should object to them. She uses incredible amounts of milk and water herself, as any one will discover who attempts to read "A Woman's Wanderings in the Western World."

"DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME!"

The *Express*—what a Pony *Express* it is, to be sure!—had an article, not long since, lamenting over the advancing refinement before which our mellifluent street cries are already falling into the mire of disuse. The *Express* man, if we remember rightly, states that but two professional yells are still to be heard anywhere within the limits of the city—the newsboy's yell, and some other boy's yell, we do not exactly remember what. Good *Express* man, we don't believe you ever were in New York: we think you must be a resident of the pine districts of New Jersey, where you cultivate cranberries, and whence you furnish the *Express* with all sorts of hard nuts to crack. Only two professional street yells to be heard in the City of New York! Alas! and mussy on us! and would it were true! say we, who dwell in the very core of the city, in a grand red brick mansion with green blinds and all the modern conveniences, including Washington Park. Listen, verdurous *Express* man, while we reckon up a few of the time-honored screeches with which our ears have been assailed in the heart of the City, between daylight and 3 o'clock, A. M. on this delicious twenty-seventh day of August, 1861.

First, at that morning moment which may be described as passing between daylight and the corner-grocer-taking-his-shutters-down, came the fearful scalping yell of the milkman—Ya Hoo! which possibly may be Tuscarora for milk, but, to our way of thinking, applies better to the vender than to his wares. Thoroughly aroused by this outrage, we arose to the *yodling* falsetto song of Sweep! chanted by the sable chimney-demon than whom none can be better booted to his trade. Hark! as we prepare for ablution, a sharp, short cry arrests our splash. 'Tis he, the greasy wakener of the kitchen wench; and his ravenous demand for Soap Fat! Soap Fat! draws forth a copious munition of that luscious article from every basement in the genteel and respectable ward. These three trades-persons are still mingling their yells, when a fourth voice chimes in with a low, deep *sostenuto* accompaniment of Glasstapoteen! as the melancholy glazier meanders down the street, with sleep in his bilious eye and a large lump of putty on his iron square. And now a sound as of thunder shakes the awakened street, the rumble of the great charcoal wagon half smothering the wailing cry of Char—Coal! ceaselessly reiterated by the smudgy driver from his "dreary pile." The clamor progresses—ay, that it does! Presently a miscreant convulses his gorilla features into chaos, in his attempts to give emphasis to the announcement of Brooms! Bree-oms! Brums! That repulsive person's voice is yet ringing in our ears, when we are somewhat relieved by the sweet, *cantabile* cry of Blackber—ries! which has hardly soothed us with its pastoral influence when darkness again shadows our soul to the harsh tune of Umberellers to Mend! followed sharply up by the howl of a "licensed vender," who instinctively claps his hand to his ear as the splitting cry of Melons! issues from his licentious throat. Thus goes on the peaceless day, noon bringing but a transient lull while the beasts feed. Then Wood Ware! shakes the putty out of the cracks in the kitchen windows; soon to be succeeded by Apples! in a chest note that MUSIO himself could not touch with a ladder. Night approaches. And what then?—peace? No, my friend; *Evening Express!* mixed up with Ice Cream! and Hot Corn!—and a precious mess they make.

These are but a few of the noises that adulterate and drowse the slow-paced day in the core of the City. Let us hope that the *Express* man will commit them to memory in his cranberry march.

An Early Christian.

The Landlady and the Philosopher endeavored to play a joke upon X., but he was too shrewd to be sold.

"We thought it would be a fine lark," said the Philosopher; "but you got up too early for us."

"Yes," replied X., "it is evidently Up With the Lark!"